

Field Worker: Wm. T. Holland  
April 26, 1937

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BIOGRAPHY OF Mary Catherine Randolph  
105 So. Xanthus,  
Tulsa, Okla.

BORN August 29, 1863; near  
Peoria, Illinois.

PARENTS Father, Andrew Jackson Lance  
Mother, Lydia Jane Lance,  
Ohio (Place of birth)

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A PIONEER LADY.

At an early age, I went with my parents to Iowa where we resided for a while, some few years. From Iowa my parents then moved to Kansas, in Cherokee County. This move to Kansas was in 1869, or when I was 6 years of age.

The Randolph family, of which my husband was a member, were also early settlers of Cherokee County, Kansas, and this is where I met my husband to be. My husband, Daniel James Randolph, was born in Shelby County, Indiana on May 23, 1847. He came to Kansas in 1863 or at the age of 16.

Mr. Randolph and I were married at Chautauqua, Kansas, March 29, 1883, the license being issued at Sedan, Kansas. Our early married life was spent in Cherokee, Kansas, where my husband was in the cattle business.

In the meantime we had heard of the Indian Territory and the opportunities offered there, so we made up our minds to make the "run" into the territory. My husband had financial reverses and when we finally decided to come to Indian Territory, we had a wagon but only one horse--that is, work-horse. However, my husband had an old water grist mill he had been running so he finally succeeded in trading the mill for another pretty good work-horse, so this made a good team. I had a pony, not "broke" to work yet, that we brought along. We loaded up our bed clothes, a little cast-iron cook stove, one rooster and six hens, which we tied on the back end of our wagon. Our farming tools consisted of one "breaking" plow, no harrows or anything like that. These things, and some provisions and what clothes we had, and our two children constituted our belongings. We made the trip in the "covered wagon", ending our journey near a Kickapoo Indian village, not far from the line of Indian Territory. There were about 200 people camped in this camping place, or canyon. So, on the morning of April 22, 1889, Mr. Randolph got on his horse and

at the appointed time made the dash and staked a claim near Arcadia.

Our first house was rather a crude affair. We settled near some timber, so my husband and I cut and hauled some logs with which to make our first house. We put up two "rounds" of logs, all around, then put up ridge pole, and covered this with tent cloth and tied the tent down all around to the low log wall. Our beds were made on frames, made of poles. We didn't have any bedsteads then. We, however, had a small cook stove. We did the cooking inside and usually ate our meals outside. This was our home from April 22nd and incidentally thereafter until November, 1889, when we were forced to move, having found out that a negro had filed on this tract before us. He was one of the "sooners". The Sooners were people who had slipped in before the time for the run and picked out the best land and then had gone back over the line for the "run." They, in this way, knowing where they wanted to go, naturally beat the others to the best land. This was the case with us, some Sooners had been there before us and staked claims. This land was along Soldier Creek

in what was known as "Nine Mile Bottom," all fertile land. We, however, moved to another tract. On this second tract, where we moved in November, 1889, we built a log house. This was a one room house, 16 or 18 ft. square with rough plank floor, board roof, but no door--that is, no shutter for door. We hung a blanket over the opening. My husband had a cross cut saw, and we made some money with it. He taught me how to pull the saw, and I would go to the woods with him and we would saw posts out of post oak and white oak trees. He would do the splitting and I would rest while he was doing this. This was the means of getting some money, as he could sell these posts in Guthrie at 5¢ each. We would cut a load, from 40 to 50 posts, then the next day my husband would load them in his wagon and start on his way to Guthrie. This trip took two days. One day each way. This money (\$2.00 and sometimes \$2.50) came in mighty handy. He would buy food for us and feed for his horses, and usually he put on two extra posts, these being to buy candy for the children. Of course, there weren't any roads then, just trails out over the prairie, and fords at

the streams. I remember a very exciting experience I had when my husband was away on one of his trips to Guthrie. It was in the summer of 1889, and at the time my sister was with me. She and her child and I and my two sons were alone. I had some hens setting out near the tent, or house, and had one covered with a tub and one with a box. Along in the night, I heard the hens squawk, and I aroused my sister, and told her something was disturbing the hens and we should go out and see what the trouble was. So, I got our only lamp, an oil lamp with no "funnel" or chimney, and hard to keep burning out in the wind, and with this lamp and my sister with me, went trying to find out what it was that was disturbing the hens. I held the lamp up and finally saw two pairs of shining eyes looking at me out of the darkness. I thought them to be wild cats, and of course was afraid. I told my sister to call to a neighbor, Doctor Dunn, who lived not far away. She finally aroused the doctor and told him the trouble and he came over with his gun to help us. In the meantime, my lamp had blown out, so I was in the dark but could at times see something moving about.

These had gone before the doctor came, so after he arrived and we told him the trouble, he looked about but to my dismay would not go far from the house. I thought he was afraid and threatened to go alone, but he prevailed on us to go inside and he would stand watch until morning. So he built a fire and sat up until 2 A.M. when he called us and told us he thought all danger was past and he believed he would go home, but would return in the morning and would investigate the cause of the trouble. I told him I believed them to be wild cats. Well, the next morning he came over and looked about a while, then went off down the canyon which was near our house, and after a while came back, holding a stick in his hand. He called to me and said, "See this stick, Well the tracks I found were just this big across and they were panther tracks," It was very fortunate that I didn't go after them last night. Later, I frequently would hear the panthers scream, their scream very much like the screams of a woman in distress.

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I have three children:-

Judge William N. Randolph,	Born August 3, 1884, in Kansas.
Mark Randolph,	Born May 24, 1887, in Kan.
May Randolph,	Born Dec., 31, 1889, in Kan.